

Told by
"Chimmie"
Fadden
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Townsend)

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everything took big, and then I could spell out the word "These." Then there were some words we couldn't make out, and then the words, "Where my broken heart lies—here!"

The next day Uncle Tom drove us all out to see the presents and hear Grandpa tell the story again. When Mary went with me to the haunted oak tree where we had dug up the box she said that girls like Papa were not inventors in this country. Then I remembered that I had forgot all about Papa tuning me down. Cousin Bob went down to the oak with us, and after a while he and Mary sat down in the shade and Bob asked me to run up to the house and see if Grandpa hadn't made some pumpkin pie for the day after tomorrow. I went and got her to give us some. I did, and Grandpa said he would; so I started back to tell Bob, but Grandpa said not to bother about it, that he and Mary would get some when they came back.

I guess they weren't as hungry as I was, because they didn't come back for a long time. I was getting pretty hungry and told me he thought I should make a cake that night from him. I said I hoped she wouldn't bury it under a tree.

was, because they didn't come back for long time. Then Bob looked pretty happy and told me he thought Mary might take that ring from him. I said I hoped she wouldn't bury it under a tree. He said he thought she wouldn't, for she was very angry with the way Dorothea had treated David.